

Children

Patty Larkin

I remember walking with holes in our shoes

I remember we weren't the kind to make an excuse

I remember thinking we would break all the rules

Where are those children now? Where are those children now? I remember hellfire and brimstone be damned

I remember trembling at the touch of your hand

Crossing the desert to the California sand

Where are those children now? Where are those children now? I remember angels who lent us their wings

Cigarettes and paperback poetry kings

Kicking up dust like we didn't need a thing

Where are those children now? Where are those children now? Now the curtain calls and fails to fill me

I wander down the halls that used to thrill me

Songwriters

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